

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

11

WEIRD! FANTASTIC! ASTOUNDING!

BAFFLING

NOV

10c

MYSTERIES

ATTACK HIM, MY PETS!
AND NOW, WORLDLY CREATURE,
WILL YOU AGREE TO BE MY
CONSORT-- OR WILL YOU *DIE*
BY THE STINGS OF MY DEATH'S-
HEAD MOTHS?



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TRIAL
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SEND
NO
MONEY



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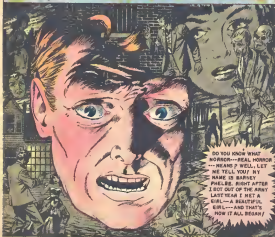
Only Comfo-Gards can be worn as panties during the rest of the time! They remove the pain and Comfo-Gards become comfortable under any used panties. They are not dried under black spots, stains and leaks.



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6 of me ON THE PROWL



DO YOU KNOW WHAT
HORROR---REAL HORROR
---MEANS? WELL, LET
ME TELL YOU! MY
NAME IS BARNEY
PHILLIPS. RIGHT AFTER
I GOT OUT OF THE ARMY
LAST YEAR I MET A
GIRL---A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL---AND THAT'S
HOW IT ALL BEGAN!

RHEA MYHOLD
WAS JUST ABOUT
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
THING I'D EVER
SEEN. SHE WAS A
SCULPTRESS.
WHEN SHE TOLD ME
I WAS BUILT LIKE
A BAKED GOOD AND
ASKED ME TO
POSE FOR HER,
I FELT I'D BE A
DOPPELGÄNGER UP
A CHANCE TO BE
NEAR A GIRL LIKE
THAT. AND SO I
ACCEPTED. WHAT
WOULD YOU HAVE
DONE?

I FELL DEEPLY UNDER AN EYE SPELL, BUT I
HAD A PREMONITION I WAS GETTING INTO SOME-
THING I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU SAY YOU'

LOVE ME, BARNEY, BUT WOULD YOU BE WILLING
TO PROVE IT? WOULD YOU DO ANYTHING I ASKED?
WOULD YOU STEAL... MURDER? WOULD YOU
COMMIT ANY CRIME I
ASKED YOU TO?

YOU'RE KIDDING,
BARNEY. BUT...



OF COURSE, I'M KIDDING. NOW
LET'S GO TO THE STUDIO. I
WANT YOU TO SEE YOURSELF
IN GLAY.





IN THE STUDIO...

THERE / YOUR HEAD IS COMPLETED (AND A VERY HANDSOME HEAD IT IS!) IT WON'T TAKE ME MUCH LONGER TO FINISH THE REST OF IT!

BUT WHY MAKE SIX OF ME?



SO MANY THINGS CAN HAPPEN AROUND A STUDIO, BARNEY! I ALWAYS MAKE DUPLICATES... THEN IF AN ACCIDENT HAPPENS TO ONE, I ALWAYS HAVE ANOTHER TO WORK ON!

I DOUBT IF THERE COULD BE THAT MANY ACCIDENTS! AND IT'S A LITTLE STARTLING TO SEE SO MANY OF MYSELF!

AN UNKNOWN PRESENCE SUDDENLY MADE ITSELF KNOWN.



DO NOT WAIT UNTIL THE REAL HORROR BEGINS! GET OUT NOW, FOOL! LEAVE QUICKLY WHILE THERE IS YET TIME!

KURTZ! SO NOW YOU HIDE IN MY STUDIO AND LISTEN / YOU SHALL PAY FOR THIS! DR. MORIAN WILL BE HERE SHORTLY AND HE WILL DEAL WITH YOU!

HO? HO? I SEE OF YOU! I WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN... I SWEAR IT!



TYPES! WHO DARE THAT UP? IT DOESN'T EVEN LOOK HUMAN! BUT IT WAS TRYING TO WARN ME ABOUT SOMETHING... SAY, WHAT DOES ON MORE, NEAR?

I HEY RHEA LOOKED AT ME THEN MADE IT HARD TO THINK OF ANYTHING BUT HER NEARNESS.



OH, BARNEY, THAT WAS ONLY KURTZ! A POOR HALF-WIT MY UNCLE REPEATED. HE'S USUALLY HARMLESS SO I GAVE HIM A JOB CLEANING UP... BUT SOMETIMES HE HAS STRANGE SPELLS... LIKE NOW... AND THEN ONLY MY UNCLE CAN DEAL WITH HIM.

WHAT RHEA SAID ABOUT KURTZ'S DANGEROUS LIFE IT WAS ON THE UP-AND-UP, BUT SOMEHOW IT WAS HARD TO FORGET A WEIRD-LOOKING BOY LIKE THAT! AND ALTHOUGH JOE NEVER SAID ANYTHING TO RHEA ABOUT IT... I WROTE TOO SOLO ON HER UNCLE MORIAN. HE WASN'T THE KIND OF DOCTOR I'D WANT HANDING AROUND MY BEDSIDE IF I WAS SICK.

BUT AS I LEFT PRECISE STUDIO I HAD A FUNNY ACCIDENT... AND IT JUST HAPPENED THAT DR. MORIAN WAS THERE, TO TALK OVER.



HOW DO YOU DO, MY BOY! WHAT A PITY YOU'RE LEAVING SO SOON! MY NIECE AND I BOTH FIND YOU SO INTERESTING!

AT THAT MOMENT SOMETHING HIT ME ON THE HEAD! JUST BEFORE I PASSED OUT I'D HAVE SWORN I HEARD THE SOUND OF RHEA'S LAUGHTER!



"POOR MAN!"

"HAI HA!"

YOU HAVE THE SCULPTOR'S TRAINED EYE FOR ACCURACY, MY DEAR/NEIGHEN!

WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, RHEA WAS BENDING OVER ME. . .

POOR CARL! BEFORE OF MY STATUES, CAME LOOSE AND FELL ON YOU! IT WAS LUCKY UNCLE MORLAN WAS RIGHT HERE TO PATCH YOU UP!

WOOF! MY HEAD!



YOU THINK I'M CRAZY... BUT I'M NOT! SO BACK! SEE FOR YOURSELF! OTHERWISE, YOU ARE DOOMED TO COMPLETE DESTRUCTION! OR EVEN WORSE... YOU WILL BECOME A CREATURE SUCH AS I!



WHILE I WAS THAT I SEEMED TO HEAR THE VOICES OF RHEA AND HER UNCLE.

AHA! NOW WHEN I STITCH THE WOUND AND BANDAGE IT, YOUR FRIEND WILL NEVER MISS THE FEW BITS OF TISSUE CULTURE AND CELLS WE REMOVED!



I'M SURE THIS TIME OUR PROJECT WILL BE A SUCCESS!

I INSIST YOU DO RIGHT MORE TO BED. YOU MUSTN'T EVER THINK OF TRYING TO TAKE ME TO OTHER TONIGHT AS WE PLANNED. I'LL STAY RIGHT HERE IN THE STUDIO AND WORK ON YOUR STATUES INSTEADY.

I DO FEEL A LITTLE GROSSY.



SAHR! WE WERE JUST FINISHED IN TIME! HERE... MIXED WITH YOUR CLAY WE HAVE ALL THAT WE NEED TO BRING TO LIFE THE DUPLICATE STATUES YOU MADE OF BARNET!



BUT OUTSIDE... IF YOU LEAVE NOW, YOU ARE LOST! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO SAVE YOURSELF! SO BACK QUICKLY... SMASH THE IMAGES MADE IN YOUR LIKENESS BEFORE THEY BECOME ALIVE! KILL THE EVIL, ENCHANTED AND HER UNCLE!



THE POOR GUY IS NOTTER THAN A FRUITCAKE!

RODGE, BARNEY AND FORTZ LISTENED...



NOW THAT WE'VE ADDED THE SPECIAL MORMONE SOLUTION I WORKED ON SO LONG, WE'LL STIR INTO YOUR GLAY THESE MICROSCOPIC PIECES OF TISSUE AND CELLS THAT WE TOOK FROM BARNEY.

MY EXPERIMENTS IN TISSUE CULTURE AND EMBRYOLOGY HAVE PROVEN THAT THESE BITS OF CELL AND TISSUE CAN GENERATE LIFE AND DUPLICATE THEMSELVES, AND FORM IN THE GLAY A LIVING BEING!



THEY'LL SHAPE THE ABORIGINAL GLAY OF PROTOPLASMIC MATTER INTO A DUPLICATE OF THE INDIVIDUAL FROM WHOM THE CELLS AND TISSUE WERE TAKEN.



WHEN I USE THIS TO FINISH THE FIGURES OF BARNEY, I'LL HAVE SIX DOZENS BEINGS---MINE TO COMMAND AND OBEY--- ONLY THE ONE WHO CREATED THEM--- MYSELF!

FINALLY BARNEY COULD NO LONGER CONTAIN HIMSELF...



EVERYTHING SOUNDS CRAZY! BUT AS SOON AS I SMASH THOSE HEADS OF MYSELF, I'LL GET RID OF THIS STUFF, TOO, AND WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE TALK!

I GRABBED UP A SCULPTOR'S Mallet AND STARTED FORWARD THE STATUES...

THE GLAY MUST BE BAKED FIRST. THEN I'LL HELP YOU WITH THIS YOURS POOL!



STUND IDIOT! IF YOU HAD NOT BEEN SO NOBBY, YOU MIGHT HAVE KEPT YOUR FREEDOM! AT LEAST UNTIL I WAS THROUGH WITH YOU!



AS I FELT MYSELF SHOVELED INTO DARKNESS, EYE LAUGHTER FOLLOWED ME...

NOW, MY HANDSOME ONE, YOU WILL GO DOWN WITH THOSE OTHERS WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE MY SPELL! HAY! HAY! HAY!



FOURTY-SEVEN HOURS LATER, WHEN I REGAINED MY SENSES, I THOUGHT I HAD WAKED UP IN A NIGHTMARE!

WHY? WHERE AM I? WHAT KIND OF HORRORS ARE THESE?



THESE CREATURES ARE THE SAME AS I... UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS OF RHEA AND HER UNCLE TO PRODUCE DUPLICATES FORMS OF LIVING PEOPLE! LIKE YOU, WE FELL FOR RHEA'S BEAUTY WHILE SHE AND HER UNCLE PREPARED TO USE US FOR THEIR EVIL PURPOSES!

THEY FAILED... AND I BECAME THIS HALF-HUMAN CREATURE THEY MADE IN-TO A SLAVE. WHEN THEY WISH TO PUNISH ME, OR NEED SOME HUMAN PART FOR AN EXPERIMENT, THE DOCTOR TAKES MORE OF MY LIFE FROM ME.

NOW THEY THINK THEY'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK... AND YOU'RE EX-ACTLY THE PHYSICAL SPECIMEN... TIGHTEN AND RUBBED... THEY WANT!

I STILL DON'T GET IT... BUT I'M SETTLING OUT OF HERE! AND THE TIME I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT LIVES!



IT'S TOO LATE FOR US... BUT I TRIED TO SAVE YOU! NOW IT MAY BE TOO LATE! YOUR ONLY CHANCE WAS TO KEEP HER FROM DRINKING YOUR DUPLICATES TO LIFE!



HOW DARE YOU BET? I'M NOT AFRAID OF A LOT OF STATUES!

BUT I WAS AFRAID... AND I DREW IT! I SMASHED THE CELLAR DOOR AND RAGED UP THE STAIRS TO THE STUDIO! I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT MY HEAD HURTING!

THIS TIME I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN! I WON'T GIVE RHEA OR HER UNCLE A CHANCE TO BREAK UP ON ME!



THE SHOT THAT MET MY EYES, AS I THREW OPEN THE
STUDIO DOOR, MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD!

IT'S ME!
SIN OF ME!

I CREATED ALL OF YOU! I BROUGHT YOU
TO LIFE! YOU ARE MINE! YOU WILL DO WHATEVER
EVER I COMMAND YOU TO DO!

HEH...
HEH... HEH!



AS I WATCHED AND LISTENED, I WAS HELD IN
THE GRIP OF UNBELIEVABLE HORROR! EVEN THE
TONE OF THE VOICES THAT SPoke WAS MINE!

IF I SEE A STRING OF PEARLS I LIKE, ONE OF
YOU WILL STEAL IT FOR ME! IF I PLAN A BARE
NOBBY, YOU WILL EAT IT THROUGH! IF I
HAVE AN ENEMY TO BE KILLED,
YOU WILL DO IT!

WE DO AS
YOU COMMAND!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY
WITH THIS! THOSE THINGS
ROBBING AND MURDER ON
...AND I'LL BE BLAMED!
BUT THEY'RE CLAY...
I'LL BREAK THEM
TO BITS!

THEY ARE CLAY! NO
LONGER! THEY MOVE
WITH LIFE FROM YOUR
OWN TISSUES AND
CELLS! AND NOW, FOOL,
YOU SHALL DIE! KILL
HIM, MY CREATURES!



THEY DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE IS
ME! OHAY! THEY FIGHT JUST
LIKE I DO! THEY KNOW ALL
MY TRICKS!

WITLESS ONES! YOU
ARE HITTING EACH
OTHER!



THAT IS THE REAL BARNEY! YOU
WHO ARE FIGHTING HIM, CONTINUE
TO THE DEATH! THE REST OF YOU
... GET OUT!

WHY OF ALL THE
SORE-NECKS! I---I
NEVER THOUGHT I'D FIND
MYSELF FIGHTING MYSELF!



I CAN AFFORD TO SACRIFICE ONE
OF YOUR DUPLICATES TO GET RID
OF YOU, BARNEY! FIGHT IT OUT
WITH YOURSELF! HA/HA! I'M
GETTING FIRE TO THE STUDIO...
AND NEITHER ONE OF YOU WILL
EVER LEAVE!



THE--- HE--- WHATEVER IT IS...
OUR STRENGTH IS EQUAL! IT'S MY
STRENGTH! I---I CAN'T SPEAK IT'S
HOLD! LET GO, YOU CRAZY FOOL!
YOU'RE PART OF ME... AND
YOU'RE DESTROYING ME!



SUDDENLY A FIGURE LEAPED THROUGH THE FLAMES AND ONTO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK I WAS FLEEING. . .

FROM YOUR VOICE, I KNOW THIS IS NOT YOU! YOU CAN ESCAPE NOW! WHEN THE STUDIO BURNS THE CREATURES IN THE CELLAR AND I WILL BURN WITH IT. . . AND THAT IS BEST!



I WAS A WANTED MAN AND DON'T CARE SHOW MY FACE!

I'VE GOT TWO OLD ARMY RUN, IF ONLY I CAN FIND THOSE THINGS THAT LOOK LIKE ME, I CAN KILL THEM — THE ONES THAT WEREN'T BEEN KILLED ALREADY! IT—IT'S KIND OF FUNNY TO BE OUT BURNING FOR YOURSELF!



AFTER I SHOT AHEA, I DIDN'T SEEM ABLE TO MOVE.

YOU—YOU'VE KILLED MY UNCLE. . . YOU—YOU'VE KILLED ME, TOO! BUT MY POWER WILL NOT DIE WHILE ONE OF YOUR DUPLICATE SELVES REMAINS ALIVE. I NOW SEND THEM MY LAST COMMAND—MURDER—KILL—DESTROY—ALL THOSE YOU MEET—UNTIL YOU, YOURSELVES ARE DESTROYED! @@@@



AS I RAN DOWN THE STREET AND SAW THE BURNING STUDIO AHEAD OF ME, IT SEEMED FUNNY TO THINK THAT SOMETHING THAT LOOKED JUST LIKE ME—THAT WAS MADE FROM PART OF ME—WAS BURNING UP IN THOSE FLAMES!



BUT THERE WAS NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT MY LIFE IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED! I KNEW THAT AHEA AND THOSE DUPLICATES OF ME WERE AT WORK!

MOST WANTED CRIMINAL STRIKES AGAIN!



Barney Phelps

WANTED FOR MURDER!
WANTED FOR FORGERY!
WANTED FOR POST OFFICE ROBBERY!

I WAS SOMING FOR SOMETHING ELSE, TOO... AND AT LAST I CAUGHT UP WITH THEM.



THEY GOT ME FOR THE MURDER OF AHEA AND HER UNCLE! BUT WHEN I TELL THEM THERE ARE MORE OF ME OUT THERE, THEY THINK I'M NUTS! MAYBE I AM NUTS! BUT EVEN IF THEY KEEP ME HERE FOR LIFE... WATCH OUT FOR ME... THOSE OTHERS ARE STILL OUT THERE! DON'T LET THEM GET NEAR YOU!



THE END

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

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IN A DREARY WARDROBE OF AN OPERA HOUSE IN EUROPE, NAMED A LIFE-SIZED, ALMOST HUMAN LOOKING PUPPET UNTOUCHED FOR YEARS, IT BECAME AS A FANTASTIC SYMBOL OF A SUPERNATURAL EVENT THAT SHOOK THE CONTINENT. IN THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY WHEN A PUPPETEER CAME TO PLAY A PERFORMANCE AT THE THEATRE.

IN HIS DRESSING ROOM BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT.

I HAVE COMPOSED A CONCERTO FOR YOUR ACT. IT IS CALLED THE "DANCING PUPPET".

PLAY IT FOR ME!



THE LIFE-SIZED LOOKING MUSICIAN TOOK HIS VIOLIN IN HAND AND BEGAN PLAYING A MERO TUNE... HAUNTING, MACABRE, SATANIC.

STOP! STOP! I—IT'S DRIVING ME MAD!

HA HA HA 'HA!



UNABLE TO SILENCE THE MADDENING MUSIC, THE PUPPETEER LIVED FOR HIS TORMENTOR.

KILL — KILL! I MUST KILL!

HA, HA — AARRGGHH!



I'LL PUT HIS BODY IN THIS TRUNK! IT IS TIME FOR MY ACT!



THE ACT WENT WELL UNTIL THE MIDDLE OF THE PERFORMANCE WHEN THE FIGURE OF THE MAN HE HAD SLAIN AROSE IN THE ORCHESTRA PIT WITH HIS VIOLIN AND BEGAN PLAYING HIS MACABRE CONCERTO. SUDDENLY, THE AUDIENCE WITNELED A SIGHT THAT WOULD NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.

LOOK! THE PUPPETEER! HE'S BEEN TRANSFORMED!

HE'S TURNED INTO ONE OF HIS OWN PUPPETS!



THE AUTHORITIES RUSHED ON STAGE TO EXAMINE THE PUPPETEER. THEY FOUND HIM IN A HORROR STATE OF AGONY THAT NO MEDICAL MAN COULD EXPLAIN! HE HAD BECOME A BLOOM OF WOODS RESEMBLING ONE OF HIS OWN PUPPETS. THE PUPPETS AND THEIR MASTER WERE HAUNTING IN THE STREETS AND FORGOTTEN. BUT AMONG THE STUDENTS OF THE SUPERNATURAL, THIS EVENT REMAINS AN UNFORGETTABLE PHENOMENON IN THE RANKS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

THE END

12 HOURS TO DOOM

WHAT KIND OF CREATURE ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I AM CHRONOS, THE SPIRIT OF TIME! DO NOT DESTROY THE SACRED SUN DIAL! COME CLOSER AND I SHALL INITIATE YOU INTO THE MYSTERIES OF TIME WHICH YOU TURN AWAY SO HOTLY!



THE SAYER, INC. WAS THE OBSESSION OF ARTHUR MATLIN, ITS CHAIRMAN. TO PURSUE TIME, TO OVER-TAKE IT, WAS A MANIA WITH HIM. BUT NOT SO WALLACE GARGES, THE FAT, GOOD-NATURED MONEY-MAN BEHIND THE ORGANIZATION, WHOM MATLIN LOATHED FOR HIS SLOPPY INEFFICIENCY. ONE DAY, MATLIN SPOKE, THE SAYER, INC. SHOULD BE HIS ALONE! THE DAY CAME SOONER THAN EXPECTED, WITH TIME OPENING THE DOOR TO MURDER, BUT LEAVING A TRAP WHICH NOT EVEN THE EVIL GENIUS OF MATLIN COULD GET OPEN.



IT HAD ALL BEGUN EARLIER... BACK IN THE STATES.

YOU'RE WASTING TIME, WALLACE! IT'S TWO-FOURTEEN P.M. AND I HAVE TO LEAVE FOR OMAHA IN TWO HOURS! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

NOTHING! I DROPPED IN TO BE FRIENDLY, THAT'S ALL! BUT YOU—ALL YOU'RE INTERESTED IN IS TIME! EVERY MOMENT COUNTS! YOU'RE A RECHARDON, NOT A MAN!



AND YOU'RE A WASTREL! TIME MEANS NOTHING TO YOU! I MADE THE SAYER, INC., THE BEST EFFICIENCY CORPORATION IN BUSINESS!

I KNOW. BUT LOOK WHAT IT'S DONE TO YOU! YOU DON'T LIVE ANYMORE, JUST CHASE TIME! WELL, I HOPE THIS ARABIAN BEAN SLOWS YOU DOWN. THEY DON'T COUNT MINUTES THERE!



LATER, AROUND A PLANE BOING
FOR SHAR OF THE ARABIAN SEA...

IF I COULD ONLY GET RID OF
THAT FAT SLOB, WALLACE! HE'S
A BRILL AND CHARM AROUND MY
FEET! IT WAS HIS MONEY THAT
STARTED THE BUSINESS, BUT
NOW I DON'T NEED HIM!



AS THE LABORER DISAPPEARED,
MATLIN TURNED BACK TO THE
SUNDIAL.

WHAT DEVILISH THING IS THAT
RISING FROM THE SUNDIAL? IT'S
BECKONING
TO ME! COME HERE,
ARTHUR MATLIN!
CLOSER! I, CHRONOS,
THE TIME SPIRIT, WILL
UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF
TIME TO YOU!



MATLIN STARTED HIS JOB IN CHARGE
BY BRASHING EVERY ANCIENT TIME-
KEEPING DEVICE. ONLY ONE, AN
ANCIENT SUNDIAL REFUSED TO
YIELD!

WHOA! I CAN'T EVER CRACK
IT! WHAT KIND OF STONE IS THIS,
SUNDIAL? MADE OF
AMMON?



SO LONG AS THIS SACRED SUNDIAL
REMAINS PRISTINE, I GRANT YOU
POWER TO PERCEIVE THE FUTURE,
TWELVE HOURS FORWARD IN TIME!

YOU MEAN I CAN BEAT THE
ODDS, AND TRAVEL INTO THE
FUTURE? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



WHERE ARE WE?



I'LL SMASH IT TO POWDER!
WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT? GO
GET SOME DYNAMITE, YOU IDIOT!

AT ONCE, EFFENDI!



FIRST YOU WOULD THE MYSTIC
SUNDIAL WHICH WILL PROPHECY YOU
INTO THE FUTURE! NOW, WHERE
DO YOU WISH
TO GO?

I—I'M RISING
WITHOUT EFFORT!
IT'S INSTANT! TAKE ME
TO... YES, TO THE HOME OF
WALLACE GAMER TEN HOURS
INTO THE FUTURE!



FROM THE PAST YOU HAVE ENTERED THE
TIME BARRIER OF THE PRESENT! FROM
HERE WE JOURNEY INTO THE FUTURE!





WHAT ARE ALL THESE DEAD MEN DOING HERE? THEY LOOK LIKE CRIMINALS! AND THERE'S WALLACE, ALL BLOODY! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

THESE ARE THE SPECTERS OF THE FUTURE... THE DAMNED, SOON TO DIE! LET US GO ON!

SOON MATLIN FOUND HIMSELF IN WALLACE'S APARTMENT. WALLACE AROSE IN FEAR.



WHAT THE... MATLIN? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN DENNY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

I'VE COME BACK TO DISSOLVE THE PARTNERSHIP... WITH YOUR BLOOD! I WON'T BE TIED DOWN ANYMORE BY YOUR STUPID INEFFICIENCY!

LEAVING HIS VICTIM, MATLIN WHIRLED THROUGH TIME BACK TO THE PRESENT IN DENNY.



OF COURSE, THE TIME SPIRIT, IS GONE! (IT ALL HAPPENED SO QUICKLY, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!)

EFFENDI, WE HAVE BROUGHT THE DYNAMITE!

BUT MATLIN NOW HATED THE SUNDIAL ATTRACT.



DON'T, MATLIN! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS...! AAAARGH!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! IT'S THE PERFECT CRIME! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE SEVEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY! HA, HA HA!



YOU DO NOT WANT THE SUNDIAL DESTROYED? YOU SAID TO...

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! PUT THE SUNDIAL IN STORAGE IN MY OWN ROOM! I—I WANT TO STUDY WHAT IT'S MADE OF!



THE NEXT DAY, MATLIN RECEIVED A TELEGRAM URGING HIM TO RETURN HOME AT ONCE.

I MUST, YOUR HIGHNESS, BUT I'M PLACING THE WORK IN THE HANDS OF YOUR OWN ENGINEER, NAGAI! HE HAS ALL MY PLANS! EVERYTHING WILL BE CARRIED OUT PROPERLY!

THIS IS SHOCKING NEWS. I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOUR PARTNER HAS BEEN MURDERED! OF COURSE, YOU ARE LEAVING?



BACK IN CALIFORNIA, MATLIN SUBMITTED TO POLICE QUESTIONING.

EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WITH A MOTIVE FOR KILLING WALLACE, YOU HAVE AN AIRTIGHT ALIBI! WE WON'T HOLD YOU ANY LONGER, MR. MATLIN!

YES, I WAS SEVEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY AT THE TIME! IT'S RIDICULOUS TO THINK I EVEN HAD A MOTIVE. WALLACE'S LOSS IS A GREAT SHOCK TO ME!

MATLIN HAD BROUGHT THE ANCIENT SUNDIAL WITH HIM. AS HE STUDIED THE TIME BARRIER, HIS... ACCOUNTS OF HIS BARRAGE...

WALLACE TOOK CARE OF ALL OUR BUSINESS DEALS. ORDERS HAVE FALLEN OFF SINCE HIS DEATH! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! CHRONOS IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME!

THE NEXT MORNING MATLIN SUMMONED THE TIME SPIRIT.

WHY DO YOU CALL UPON CHRONOS, MORTAL?

I WISH TO TRAVEL INTO THE FUTURE AGAIN! QUICK, I HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO! TAKE ME TO THE UNITED AND WHITLEY AIRPLANE PLANTS IMMEDIATELY!

MATLIN WORKED QUICKLY, SUBSTITUTING ASSEMBLY LINES AND MACHINERY TO SOUND RECORDS OF HIS TIME - SAVING DEVICES...

I'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO INSURE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR WORTH OF ORDERS. THIS ASSEMBLY LINE WILL NEVER WORK AGAIN.

I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE EVIL YOU DO, MATLIN! ONLY TIME WILL TELL WHAT THE OUTCOME WILL BE!

BUT SUDDENLY, AS MATLIN TURNED TO LEAVE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE FACTORY? STOP OR I'LL SHOOT YOU DIRT! SAMOTREUN!



AGAIN MATLIN HURTTLED THROUGH THE TIME BARRIER AND FOUND HIMSELF IN HIS OWN BACKYARD...

IT'S MIRACULOUS! HERE I AM, BACK IN THE PRESENT, AND MY WOUND IS GONE! I DON'T EVEN HAVE A SCRATCH TO SHOW!

THAT NIGHT, MATLIN CELEBRATED IN ADVANCE THE FORTHCOMING ORDERS, AT A DINNER DINNER PLACE WITH HIS FRAGILE...

ARTHUR, YOU SOUND SO CONFIDENT ABOUT THE BUSINESS! WHEN CAN WE GET MARRIED?

YOU NAME THE DATE, DIANE! SOON WE'LL BE ROLLING IN MONEY!





**BUT AT THE HEIGHT OF
THEIR CELEBRATION...**

**AAAAA... I'VE
BEEN HIT! SOMEONE
SHOOT ME!**



AT A LOCAL HOSPITAL...

**STRANGEST THING I EVER
HEARD! NO SHOT FIRED AND
A BULLET WHIRLED UP IN
HIS SHOULDER!**

**WE'LL HAVE TO TURN IT
OVER TO THE POLICE FOR
A BALLISTICS CHECK!**

**A REPORT FROM THE AIRPLANE
FACTORY LINKED THE BULLET WITH
THE GUARD'S BOMB...**

**ONCE FULLY RECOVERED, MATLIN
DETERMINED FOR REVENGE AGAINST THE
GUARD. CHRONOS CAME AT HIS
BIDDING...**

**THE GUARD WAS AN EASY MARK
FOR MATLIN'S REVENGE...**

**MY FIANCEE CAN TELL YOU, IT
CAME SO SUDDENLY... AND THERE
WAS NO BUMPING!**

**A GUARD
FIRED A BOMB TWENTY MILES
AWAY AND THE BULLET TURNS
UP IN YOUR SHOULDER IN A
MIGHT CLINK! THIS IS STRICLY
FOR THE UNSOLVED FILE!**

**YOU ARE ABUSING YOUR
POWERS! MATLIN! THE SCORE
WILL SANDLY BE SETTLED ONE DAY!**

**THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NOT
ONE OF MY ACTS CAN BE
TRACED; THEY ARE ALWAYS
DONE IN THE FUTURE. AND I
MUST PUT THIS GUARD OUT
OF THE WAY!**

**THAT BLOW WOULD KILL AN
OK! I'LL NEVER BE IDENTIFIED
BY HIM!**



**AN ALARM'S BEEN SET OFF! I MUST GET OUT
BEFORE I'M IDENTIFIED!**



**BLINDED BY FEAR, MATLIN RUSHED
RIGHT INTO A SNARE...**

**CHRONOS!
CHRONOS!**

**THERE'S THE KILLER!
HE'S CAUGHT IN THOSE
ROPE-IF HE CAN'T GET
AWAY!**

**GET ME OUT OF
THIS! TAKE ME BACK TO...
AAAAARRR!**

OPEN-MOUTHED, THEY STARED AT EMPTY AIR,
MAYLIN HAD VANISHED.

HOLT SHOOK. HE
DISAPPEARED WITHOUT
A TRACE.

NOT EXACTLY / HIS WHIST
WATCH FELL OFF AND
THERE'S SOME SPEAKING
ON THE BACK OF IT. IT SAYS:
"BURIED TO ARTHUR MAYLIN BY THE
TIRE-MOTION STUDY ENGINEERS
SOCIETY."



HOURS LATER, AT THE NEW HOUSE, CONSTRUCTION
HAD GOING ON BY FLOODLIGHT.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, DIANE / JUST THE THING I'VE
ORDERED OF / NOW LET'S SEE
THE VIEW FROM THE WINDOW.

BE CAREFUL,
ARTHUR, THE PAINTERS
AND THAT ROPE...



WE GOT HIM IN TIME / WHAT
A FREAK ACCIDENT!

AHH, WHAT A RELIEF!
I THOUGHT MY NECK
WOULD BREAK!



BUT AS MAYLIN
ENTERED THE HOUSE A NEW
TERROR SEIZED HIM.

ARE YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT?

I'M FINE, DIANE /
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME /
I'LL GET SOME REST NOW /
GOOD NIGHT!



W-WHAT'S THE MEANING
OF THIS? WHY HAVE YOU
COME HERE?

YOU DROPPED SOME-
THING AT THE MAYLIN
AIRCRAFT PLANT / THIS
IS YOUR WATCH, ISN'T IT?



SAFELY THROUGH THE TIRE BARRIER, MAYLIN ARRIVED
IN HIS GARDEN.

OH, ARTHUR, I CAME TO TELL
YOU THE HOUSE WE PICKED
IS ALMOST FINISHED / I'D
LIKE YOU TO SEE IT. YOU
LOOK STRANGE / IS SOME-
THING THE MATTER?

SI-NO, I LOST MY
WATCH / CAN'T SEEM
TO RECALL WHERE...
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
WE CAN SEE THE
HOUSE LATER.



W-WHAT? THE ROPE / I'M BELIEVING THE
FUTURE IN THE PRESENT AGAIN!



IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! HE'S THE KILLER! WE SAW HIM HARBORING FROM THOSE FULLEY NOSES!

YOU WON'T GET ME! I HAVE A POWER YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO MATCH!



THE FUTURE MOVED BY AT A BIZZYZERATE....

WHAT IS THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE ATOM BOMBING!

THE YEAR 2045... THE BEGINNINGS OF WORLD WAR III!



MATLIN BROKE AWAY AND RAN FOR THE SUNDAIR, SHOUTING FOR CHRONOS!

THERE HE IS! LOOK AT THE CRAZY FOOL STANDING ON THE SUNDAIR! SHOOT TO KILL!



CHRONOS, TAKE ME TO THE FUTURE... ANY- PLACE AWAY FROM HERE!



CENTURIES WHIPPED BY BEFORE MATLIN'S STRUCKER SALE...

IT'S BEAUTIFUL! CAN'T I STOP HERE? START MY LIFE AGAIN?

NO, WE MUST GO ON! THIS IS THE WORLD A MILLION YEARS LATER! BUT IN TIME IT IS MERELY A FLICKING SECOND!



CHRONOS OBEYED, BUT AS THEY FLEWED OVERHEAD, BEFORE BREAKING THE TIME BARRIER...

NOW WHERE THE DEVIL DID HE DISAPPEAR TO? OUR BULLETS SMASHED THE SUNDAIR, BUT MATLIN'S GONE!



THE SUNDAIR IS DESTROYED! ITS POWER IS GONE AND YOU MAY NEVER ENTER THE FUTURE AGAIN!



THE SUN IS DING AND THE ICE AGE IS UPON THE EARTH! THERE IS NO LIFE LEFT!

I'M FREEZING! I WANT TO GO BACK! WHEN WILL THIS TERRIBLE JOURNEY INTO THE FUTURE END?



THEN MATLIN HEARD THE TERRIBLE WORDS LIKE THE STOMP OF EVERLASTING DOOM...

STUPID MORAL, THE JOURNEY WILL NEVER END! TIME IS ETERNAL... AND YOU ARE DOOMED TO WANDER IN THE FUTURE FOREVER WITHOUT REST! THERE IS NO TURNING BACK! HAHAHAHAHA...



THE END!

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

#30

BUT ONE CHIEFTAIN WOULD NOT HEED OF ANY MAN TAKING AWAY HIS POWER . . .

MASTER, EL KABIR COMES THROUGH THE PASS TO OUR VILLAGE?

I WILL HEAD HIM OFF AND WAIT IN AMBUSH. I WILL KILL THIS INTRUDER BEFORE HE SWAYS MY PEOPLE FROM ME.



IS THERE IS LIFE REMAINING IN YOUR BODY? I WILL END IT WITH MY BLADE!

FOOLISH ONE! DO YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN KILL MY SPIRIT? I WILL RETURN TO COMPLETE MY MISSION... AAAHHH...



Soon . . .

AH? RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART! BUT, I WILL MAKE SURE EL KABIR IS DEAD!



THE KILLER THEN LIES DEAD VICTIM'S CORPSE INTO A DEEP RAVINE AND STARTED BACK TO THE VILLAGE. BUT AS HE APPROACHED . . .

ALIVE! EL KABIR... HE IS ALIVE! I WILL KILL HIM AGAIN!



THE MADDED CHIEFTAIN DROPPED HIS HORSE INTO PURSUIT OF THE IMAGE OF EL KABIR . . .

EEHH... DEATH TO EL KABIR...!



COME, FOOL, CHASE ME...



EL KABIR FADED INTO THIN AIR AND REAPPEARED IN THE DISTANCE! AGAIN THE CHIEF PURSUED HIS ENEMY. THIS AWESOME SCENE REPEATED ITSELF UNTIL THE CHIEFTAIN DISAPPEARED OVER THE DISTANT DUNES, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN. BUT THE PEOPLE OF THE DESERT HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN EL KABIR. HE IS STILL RACING ACROSS THE DESERT TO THIS DAY, HELPING PEOPLE IN TROUBLE. THE SPIRIT OF A DEAD MAN WHO RETURNED FROM THE BEYOND TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION MADE FOR ANOTHER BAFFLING ENTRY IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

THE END

THE GHOST IN THE PORTRAIT

SEE YON MANSION? IT SPEAKS OF PEACE AND LOVE AND LOVE. BUT THERE IS A STORY IN THAT HOUSE. A STORY TO CURSE YOUR BLOOD!



ON A DIRT LANE, A BURNING LIGHT FOR REVENGE. HIDDEN IN THE MOIST DARKNESS OF A TRUNK IN AN ATTIC ROOM, SLEEPS RELEASE WHEN THE PORTRAIT OF A MAN LONG DEAD IS UNCOVERED. FOR THERE IS evil IN THE HAUNTING AND AWESOME MANSION, FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF THE GHOST IN THE PORTRAIT!

SEE THE GENTLE HILLS OF OUR NORTH ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE? IT IS THE HOME OF COURTESY WHERE A BODY SHOULD FIND PEACE. BUT THAT WASN'T SO, FOR HERE, THERE WAS ONLY TERROR AND DEATH.



"ONCE, THIS MANSION WAS LONG UNOCCUPIED, BURNED BY AN THE CATHARISTS. BUT THERE WERE HELLSOME WATERS ONE SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON..."



WELCOME! WELCOME! WELCOME! YOUNG MASTER AND MISTRESS!

YES, OF COURSE! I REMEMBER NOW YOU'RE JONATHAN IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I SAW YOU. I WAS A CHILD THEN.



WE AND YOU'VE
GROWN INTO A
FINE MAN, PETER.
YOUR FATHER'S SON
SO THIS
MADE.

THANKS,
JONATHAN.
BUT NOW
WE'RE TIRED.
PLEASE
SHOW US TO
OUR ROOM.



PETER, DON'T Worry!
YOU AND YOUR
SISTER WOULD
NOT Worry IN
THIS HOUSE.
I CAN MAKE
ARRANGE-
MENTS AT
5-4 PM.

WHAT IS
THIS NON-
SENSE, JONATHAN?
YOU KNOW WE
INTEND TO LIVE
HERE. THE
HOUSE IS MORE
FINE, BEEN IN THE
FAMILY FOR
GENERATIONS.



IT'S AN EVIL HOUSE—ACCURSED!
BUT YOU'RE YOUNG, YOU WON'T
LISTEN. ONE THING, PETER, IN
THE ATTIC IS AN OLD IRON
TRUNK, SEALED WITH MOTTLED
SILVER. DO NOT OPEN THIS
TRUNK!

JONATHAN, YOU'RE
A FOOLISH OLD MAN!
STOP PRATTING,
AND LET'S GO IN!



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT,
MADELINE?

I DON'T KNOW. I
SUPPOSE I'LL GET
USED TO THE
PLACE.



SO THEY MOVED INTO THE HOUSE, AND A FEW
DAYS LATER...

"AH, HERE IT IS! THE TRUNK,
JONATHAN DESCRIBED. WELL, I'LL SOON FIND
OUT THE MYSTERY OF THE LOCKED TRUNK.
JONATHAN! OH, JONATHAN!"



YOU CALLED ME
PETER, SA, YOU
FOUND IT! I'LL
KEEP IT! DON'T
DISTURB
THE TRUNK. LET IT
STAY HERE WITH
ITS CONTENTS!

YOU'VE WHETTED MY CURI-
OSITY, JONATHAN. NOTHING
CAN KEEP ME FROM FIND-
ING OUT WHAT'S IN IT.
COME, MAN, GIVE ME A
HAND CARRYING IT
DOWNSTAIRS.



I'M OFFEND-
ED, LORDS, SIR.
BUT IT'S
AGAINST
MY BETTER
JUDGMENT.
THERE IS
TERRIBLE
EVIL LOOKED
IN THE
TRUNK.

STOP IT NOW, JONATHAN. YOU'RE
JUST EXAGGERATING OLD WIVES' TALK.
THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS TRUNK
THAT COULD CAUSE ANY
TROUBLE.

WAS AN EVILWITCH, THE ALLEGED OWNER
THE PORTRAIT OF THE LADY...



I BOG OF YOU,
BUT DON'T
OWN THE
PORTRAIT?

IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT,
JONATHAN. IT'S OPEN, AS
YOU CAN SEE, NOW TO
LEARN WHAT'S IN HERE--
WHAT THIS TERRIBLE
EVIL IS...

WHY... WHY
PETER--THE
PORTRAIT
LOOKS
EXACTLY
LIKE
YOU!

YES,
SO IT
DOES!

AYE, "TIN THE PORTRAIT OF YOUR
GREAT GRANDFATHER, PETER,
WARREN, THE FIRST."



WE DON'T
WANT THE
PORTRAIT.
IT WILL
BRING
EVIL ON
YOU. IT IS
ACCURSED.

LISTEN TO HIM,
PETER. THERE'S
SOMETHING
ABOUT THE
PORTRAIT, THE
EVIL-- I'M
AFRAID, AND THIS
OLD HOUSE.

HOWEVER, DON'T BE
A SILLY LITTLE GOOSE,
DARLING! NOTHING
CAN HURT US. WE'RE
IN LOVE, AND WE HAVE
YEARS OF HAPPINESS
BEFORE US.



IN THE DATE THAT FOLLOWED, THE PORTRAIT
WAS LOANED A MEMENTO TO YOUNG PETER. HE
WOULD BRING HOME BEHIND HIM AYE,
AND TALKING TO IT.

WHAT LIES BEHIND YOUR EYES? IT IS AS
THOUGH YOU ARE TRYING TO TELL ME SOME-
THING. TELL ME YOUR SECRET.
SPEAK-- TELL ME
YOUR SECRET!



"HOW CAN IT BE THAT FIRST
ADVICE NIGHT..."

WHO-- WHO
ARE YOU?

YOUR GREAT GRAND-
FATHER'S GHOST,
PETER.



THANKS TO YOU, I'VE
FOUND RELEASE WHEN
YOU TOOK THE CURSE,
AND BROKE THE SEAL
OF MATED BLOOD, AND
REMOVED MY PORTRAIT.
YOU FORGOT ME -- TO
TAKE MY REVENGE!



WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?
WHAT
KIND OF
REVENGE?

I SHALL PAY BACK
THE JURY THAT CON-
VICTED ME TO BE
HANGED WHEN I LOVED
AN WIFE IN A FIT OF
ANGER -- I SHALL TEAR
OPEN THEIR GRAVES AND
DUST ON THEIR SOULS BY
SCATTERING THEIR BONES!
THAT IS MY FIRST ACT,
NOW THAT I AM FREE!



"AND THEN THE EVIL SPIRIT WENT ON HIS SHOCKING MISSION. I HAVE PASSED THE CENTURY THAT RIGHT, AND SAW ALL!"

"THOSE FOOLS WHO CON-
DEMNED ME SHALL PAY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. THEY
HAVE RESTED WHILE I HAVE SUFFERED THE TORTURE
OF THE DAMNED, DOOMED TO THE TERRIBLE FATE OF
THOSE WHO DIE UNBORN!"



"THERE THEY LIE, IN THE QUIET CEMETERY
WHICH SHALL BE QUIET AND PEACEFUL
NO MORE!"



"THIS IS THE GRAVE OF ROGER
WATSON, WHO WAS THE FOREMAN
OF THE JURY HE SHALL BE FIRST
TO FEEL MY REVENGE!"



"HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE DISTURBED? YOU FOOL, I DID
YOU THINK YOU COULD STRIKE DOWN PETER WARREN,
WITHOUT KNOWING THE WEIGHT OF MY VENGEANCE?"



"THE BLOOD OF PETER WARREN
SATURATED THE SOIL THERE! AND
DECEASED EACH WARRIOR OF THE
JURYMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM TO
THE GALLIOWS, SO MANY HEADS
BEFORE!"



"BUT AS THE FIRST DROPS OF
DAWN APPEARED IN THE EAST..."

"THE DEED IS DONE! NOW I MUST
GO BACK, FOR I CAN WANDER
ONLY BEFORE THE LIGHT OF
MORNING. BACK TO THE
CANVAS THAT HOUSED
MY SPIRIT!"



"AND WHEN PETER WAS
WATCHING THE PHANTOM
RETURNED, HIS EYES
REFLECTED ONLY MORE
ENLIGHTENED BY THE
CANVAS TOMB!"





REPARANCE... SINCERELY, PETER HAS BEEN HANGING, PETER IS A DAMAGED MAN, HE IS COLD, AND VICIOUS. I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS ANYMORE. I'LL GO DOWNSTAIRS AND FACE HIM.



PETER, I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU... THE PORTRAIT THE CANNAL IS BLANK, AND STANDING NEXT TO YOU IS...

YES! THE GHOST OF PETER, WARDEN THE FIRST!

GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM, MADONNE!



NOT SHE WILL STAY FOR THE LAST AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN THE FINAL ACT OF OUR DRAMA.

PETER! DRIVE HIM AWAY! I'M FRIGHTENED!



AS I HAVE TOLD YOU, PETER, I WENT TO MY DEATH UNSHAKEN, AND THIS CURSE IS UPON ME UNTIL ONE OF MY OWN BLOOD COMMISSION THE SAME KIND OF CRIME, AND DIE THE SAME DEATH I DID!



DON'T TOUCH ME!

YOU SHALL NOT DIE AT MY HANDS, BUT AT YOUR HANDS! HE WILL DO AS I BID, FOR I HAVE CAST A SPELL ON HIM. HE WILL KILL YOU, BE HANGED FOR THE MURDER, AND I SHALL THEN FIND ETERNAL REST!



HELP! HELP! THERE IS NO HELP! NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU ABOVE THE WIND AND THUNDER! IT IS A PIT RIGHT FOR THIS DEED!



WILL YOU PLEASE YOUR MANDOR ON HER THROAT AND STRANGLE HER, AS I KILLED MY WIFE! DO YOU HEAR?



NO, BETHE! I LOVE YOU! OH, MY DARLING, LISTEN TO ME! I LOVE YOU!

HA! HA! HA! CRUEL, BEE, DEAN-- IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! HE WILL OBEY ONLY ME!



BUT AS THOUGH SOME POWERFUL, SUPERNATURAL FORCE WANTED TO DEFEAT THIS FRESHEN PLOT OF THE GHOST, A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRUCK, BLINDINGLY AND THE ROOM, STIRLING THE WALL, AND BRUING THE CARPET TO THE FLOOR.



WITH HER LAST BREATHING BREATH, ANDERSON MANAGED TO FREE PETER FROM HER...

KILL HER!



NOW! YOUR LIPS WILL BE DESTROYED! AND YOU SHALL BE CONSUMED WITH IT!



AAAH! YOU AND ALL YOUR EVIL SHALL DISAPPEAR IN THE FIRE!



WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GHOST, PETER WAS RELEASED FROM THE SPELL!

MADAME-- WHAT HAPPENED? I-- I HAD A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!

LOOKING MY DARLING, BUT THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF ANMORE.



AND THAT'S THE STORY. THREE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE DEFEATED THE EVIL GHOST THAT WOULD HAVE DESTROYED THEM. SOMEWHERE THERE WAS HAPPY AND UNHAPPINESS, THERE IS ONLY LOVE AND JOY!



The End

THE MEDIUM'S WARNING

RIGHT TO INFORM YOU, MRS. JOYSON DIED IN LONDON, WEDNESDAY, ACCORDING HER REQUEST, WAS BURNED ABNEY CHAPEL, THURSDAY.

CLAY HEMMINGTON, AMERICAN EMBASSY

Henry Joyson held the cablegram in his hand for a long moment, staring at its message, and then finally he crumpled it in his hand.

"Any message, sir?" the startled messenger boy he'd left standing on the threshold asked as he started to turn away.

"No," Henry said abruptly. Then as the messenger started to leave, he said, "Wait a minute. Yes, there is. Give me one of those blanks."

Quickly he smoothed the blank and scribbled *Answer by plane to claim wife's effects.—Henry Joyson.*

Henry Joyson was a man of action, and the moment the door closed behind the messenger, he strode upstairs and began packing. He knew there wasn't a moment to lose; he must get to England without delay.

For a moment, as he locked his grip, he seemed to hear Gloria's voice saying softly the words from the marriage ceremony that had taken place just six short months ago: "Remember, Henry, it's until death do us part . . ."

"That's what she'd said right after they were married—and that's what she'd reminded him of when he'd asked—no, pleaded for a divorce, sick of this woman who was always clinging to him, who seemed to have no life, no desires, no interests other than loving him. When he'd asked for his freedom, she'd lifted her pale face, still filled with its doglike expression of devotion, and she'd said lovingly, "No, Henry, I won't. Remember, Henry, it's until death do us part."

And it was her words that had given him the idea, at first a shocking, abhorrent idea, and later one that he became used to. If she were dead, he would be free—and more, he would have the wealth of his rich, dead wife to indulge his luxury-loving heart. But now something had gone wrong. She had died too soon; he knew as he slammed the door behind him, and made his frantic dash for the airport.

The trip across the Atlantic seemed interminable to Henry Joyson, and the moment he'd cleared through customs in England, he went immediately to the American Embassy in search of Clay Hemmington who had sent the cablegram.

"I'm Henry Clayson," he announced without preliminaries. "I've come in the matter of my wife's death."

Clay Hemmington proved to be a tall, slow-spoken Westerner, with a drows that strained Henry's patience. He thumbed through a file of cards and finally extracted one that read, "Joyson, Gloria, deceased."

"Ah, yes," Hemmington said. "Very sad and unexpected, poor wife's death."

"Of course," Henry said impatiently. "But I'm here to claim my wife's effects and take her body back to America."

Clay Hemmington lifted his eyebrows. "I'm afraid that's impossible," he said. "Your wife was buried in Abney Chapel in accordance with her request. But her effects are in the next room if you care to go through them or, take them with you."

Left alone in the next room, Henry Joyson began eagerly to paw through the contents of his dead wife's existence. Letters—his, her clothes, a few trinkets—and when he'd finished, they were not there. The thing he'd dreaded had happened, the jewels, the precious jewels he'd killed her for were gone.

Finally finished, Henry leaned against the wall and lit a cigarette. Everything had gone well up until that last moment, that last action that was to bring him wealth upon his careful plans.

When the idea of killing her finally took root in his mind, he'd fed her careful dosages of arsenic in her food until she grew pale and listless and complained of pain. And then he had suggested carefully to her one evening, "Darling, why don't you take a trip abroad? I can't get away, but it would do you a world of good."

"I'll miss you terribly," he'd continued tenderly, "but then there will be the excitement of having you return to me." He'd held his breath awaiting her reply while his hand tenderly caressed her hair.

"All right, Henry," she'd said obediently. "If you think it's best for me." She turned her large, luminous, pale blue eyes upon him, devouring him, it seemed to Henry, with their glance.

She'd taken her jewels with her, that vast fortune which it was her idiosyncrasy always to carry with her. And when he'd cautioned her about carrying them around, she'd written from England, "I've put them in a safe place, somewhere where

as one will get at them."

But after she'd left, her letters had become gayer as she regained her strength, and finally she expressed her longing for him and her wish to return.

Henry had granted that wish, bade her come back to him, and then when he'd known exactly when her ship was sailing, he'd sent the box of chocolates, each one carefully filled in its center with poison. He'd mailed the box to the ship, sure it would be delivered to her once she was on board. Then, according to his plan, he would be at the dock to receive his dead wife when the boat landed. There would be no gulf, no suspicion attached to him—and the jewels she always carried, with her would have been his.

Now, from Clay Hemmington, he'd learned what had gone wrong. The ship had delayed sailing, and the chocolates had been forwarded to Gloria at her hotel. And now she was dead and buried in England beyond his reach, and the jewels were beyond his grasp.

And now, as Henry Joyson left the Embassy and walked slowly down the street, he determined he would not leave London until he found that treasure. For hours he prowled the murky, fog-hazed streets, trying to figure out where his wife would have stowed the jewels. And it was then, perhaps by chance or maybe by design that he came across the small shop that bore the sign, "Madame Zara, Medium," and beneath it the inscription, "I contact the dead."

The idea came full-blown to him, and without hesitation he opened the door and entered the dim-draped room with the crystal ball upon the table, the star of Zodiac hanging just above, and Madame Zara seated in the chair as if she were expecting him.

Quickly Henry stated his purpose, and Madame Zara moved closer to the table and prepared to invoke Gloria's spirit. And then in the midst of her incantations she stopped and stared at Henry.

"The spirit claims you harmed her," she stated. "She does not wish to speak to you."

"Can you make her," Henry demanded.

"I can compel her to speak, but remember, if you have evil in your heart toward her, no task what belongs to the murdered dead gives them a supernatural power—beyond the grave over you."

For a moment Henry hesitated, but then the thought of possessing the jewels overcame him. "A ghost can do me no harm, I demand that the spirit answer me."

Madame Zara fell silent in her concentration, and finally the room filled with a bluish light, and before Henry's tormented gaze Gloria took a translucent form. She was wrapped in her grave shroud, the white cloth flowing around her, and her large blue eyes were filled now with a hate that crawled around the room.

"You killed me," she moaned. "You murdered me, and now you won't let me rest."

Henry Joyson clenched the arms of his chair. "The jewels," he demanded hoarsely. "Where did you put them?"

For a moment she stood there, and there was silence as she refused to answer him.

"What did you do with the jewels?" Henry demanded in a louder voice. "You must answer me, you bodiless, spiritious creature! I command you to."

"I hid them," she said in a wailing whisper. "I hid them in the woods back of the hotel."

Henry rose in his chair, and new eagerness replaced any trace of fear in him. In death as in life, Gloria was his to command. "Show me where they are," he demanded.

Slowly she walked ahead of him, down the stairs, and her white grave shroud floated behind her so that he could almost touch it. It was midnight, dark outside and lonely, with no passersby. They traversed the streets that way, and when they passed under a lamp post, the light shone through her as though fog that had capriciously taken shape. And finally they came to the hotel and to the grounds that surrounded it, and she stopped before one tree whose trunk was old and hollow.

Unable to restrain himself longer, Henry dashed toward the treasure, but she stood in front of it.

"They are mine, these jewels," she said in a wailing whisper. "They belong to me. You married me for these jewels, but they are mine in death as in life. Take them, and you marry me again in death!"

But Henry Joyson plunged through the apparition guarding it and seized the chest of jewels. He knew victory as he felt the smooth leather box in his hands, and he heard the precious stones, loose within, roll against each other with his movements.

The wreath had torn apart like wisps of fog when he had plunged through it, but now he was suddenly aware that it had reformed and enveloped him, so that he was enclosed in a cold, swirling mist through which he could not see.

And then he felt her cold hands about him, clatching at him, and she said in a loving whisper, "Now, Henry, you are mine once again!"

Even as he tried to twist out of the grip of the thing that held him, the shroud tightened around his throat and he could not breathe. He clutched the jewel case tightly to him, and with his other hand he tore madly at the wrapping entwining him, but finally his struggles ceased and he knew no more.

Thus they found Henry Joyson the next morning. He lay upon the cold, dew-soaked grass, and one arm still enclosed the chest of jewels. He looked much as though he'd been overcome by some swift and sudden ailment, the blood rushing all to his head—but then there was the piece of torn white cloth he clutched in his other hand—the sort of cloth that is used unthinkingly by undertakers in shrouding the dead.

PROFESSOR HISSO CHARTERS HEADED AN EXPEDITION INTO THE ARCTIC REGION... SEARCHING FOR POSSIBLE URANIUM DEPOSITS. DEEP INTO THE NORTH THEY WENT, INTO AREAS NEVER BEFORE PENETRATED. BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY FACED THE WIND VALLEY OF SNOWS THAT THE FIRST HINT OF SUCCESS CAME THEIR WAY... A SUCCESS COUPLED WITH BLOOD-CHILLING TERROR AND A

CRIMSON WRAITH FROM THE NORTH



THE BEER COUNTRY'S
BEGINNING TO REGISTER!
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN,
WE'LL FIND LARGE URANIUM
DEPOSITS DOWN IN THAT
VALLEY!

WOLFMAN FOOTSTEPS MUST NOT
ENTER THERE! IT IS A FEARFUL
PLACE... A PLACE OF EVIL SPIRITS!

SUCH TALK IS FORTUNATELY IT'S FOR BILLY WOMEN... NOT US! WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF SUCH SUPERSTITIOUS ROT.

THEN YOU GO ALONE! I—AND MY MAN—WILL NOT ENTER THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS—OUR PEOPLE HAVE STAYED AWAY FROM THERE!



THE PROFESSOR IGNORED THE WARNING, AND HE AND HIS MEN WALKED SLURRY DOWN INTO THE VALLEY...

THIS PLACE DOES HAVE AN EVIL FEEL ABOUT IT! PROBABLY THE POWER OF SUGGESTION... THAT'S ALL!



THEN SUDDENLY... THE HORROR STRUCK! PROFESSOR... LOOK OUT! THE SNOW!



THERE WAS NO CHANCE TO RUN... NO ONE TO HEAR THEIR SCREAMS OF TERROR!



HELP! HELP!

NOTHING MOVED IN THAT HOT EXPENSE UNTIL, MONTHS LATER, ANOTHER EXPEDITION FOUND ITS WAY TO THAT SAME SECTION...

THIS IS A WILD-GOOSE CHASE... LEFT HIS EXPEDITION, JANE, ITS BEEN SO LONG IN THIS VICINITY, AND SINCE YOUR FATHER... I'M NOT STOPPING UNTIL I DISAPPEARED... FIND SOME TRACE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM



UP AHEAD, FIRST DEAD BOOBY!

LET'S GO! THAT MIGHT BE IT!



JANE CHARTERS AND BILLY WATSON RUSHED INTO THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS... UNPREPARED FOR THE HORROR THAT AWAITED THEM...

IT—IT'S TERRIBLE... TERRIBLE! THAT GHASTLY LOOK OF TERROR ON THEIR FACELAND THEY'RE COMPLETELY DRAINED OF BLOOD! WHAT COULD IT HAVE BEEN?



TH—THEY'RE ALL HERE... EXCEPT DAD! NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT!



DAD? YOU-- YOU'RE ALIVE? IT--IT
HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE!

BUT IT IS, JANE
...IT IS!

IN HER GREAT JOY AT SEEING HER
FATHER ALIVE AND WELL, JANE
DIDN'T NOTICE THE STAMMERING
OF HIS EYES

I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED,
OR WHY I AM ALIVE. BUT NOW, ALL
I WANT TO DO IS LEAVE THIS PLACE
AND GET BACK HOME, AGAIN

SOON THEY WERE ON A SHIP BOUND
FOR SAN FRANCISCO, AND HOME

WHAT'S BOTHERING
YOU, GREGG? YOU'VE
BEEN SO QUIET EVER
SINCE WE STARTED
TOWARDS HOME.

I--I DON'T
KNOW EX-
ACTLY WHAT
TO SAY. IT'S
JUST THAT
YOUR DAD
DIDN'T SEEM TO BE
THE SAME.
SOMETHING'S DOG...

SUDDENLY, A BLOOD-CURLING SCREAM OF PAIN
CAME THROUGH THE DARKNESS

AIEEEEE

GOOD LORD!
WHAT CAN THAT BE?

IT'S A
SAILOR!

THAT SHORE? IT SEEMS TO BE MOVING
AWAY FROM HIS BODY?

HE'S DEAD...
BLOODLESS...
JUST LIKE THOSE
WHERE WE FOUND
YOUR FATHER!

OPEN THE
SMOKES... IT--IT'S
MOVING TOWARDS
DAD'S CABIN!

SEEMINGLY HALED WITH A LIFE
OF ITS OWN, THE STRANGE RISP OF
SMOKE MOVED ALONG THE DECK

WHAT CAN I DON'T KNOW, JANE
... BUT I HAVE A
FEELING YOUR DAD'S
GONE TO NEED
SOME HELP!

BUT PROFESSOR SHATTERS NEEDED
NO HELP AT ALL... FOR

PROFESSOR OPEN UP!
YOU'RE IN DANGER!



WHAT ARE YOU TWO
SHOUTING ABOUT?
EVERYTHING'S QUITE
ALL RIGHT!

TH-THANK MOMENTS!
I WAS TERRIBLY
WORRIED...



YOU WORRY TOO
MUCH, MY DEAR...
MUCH TOO MUCH.

THERE'S SUCH A FEELING OF EVIL
IN THE ROOM/I WONDER IF THE
PROFESSOR HAS ANYTHING TO DO
WITH IT?

NO SOLUTION WAS EVER FOUND
FOR THE THE STRANGE DEATH OF
THE SALES...AND THE HORROR OF
THAT NIGHT WAS QUICKLY FORGOTTEN
IN THE JOY OF HOME-OWNING.

THE GOLDEN GATE?
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D
LIVE TO SEE IT AGAIN!

I CAN'T
WAIT TO
GET BACK
TO OUR
HOUSE!



THE FIRST NIGHT BACK HOME
WAS A CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION,
AND THE DINNER JANE COOKED
WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS...

WONDERFUL, JANE... WONDERFUL!
NOW I'LL GO INTO THE STUDY
FOR A SMOKE.

I'LL GO WITH
YOU, DAD.



AFTER JANE AND THE PROFESSOR
HAD GONE INTO THE STUDY, SPEN
WENT TO THE CLOSET TO SET HIS
PIPE FROM HIS COAT...

A PORTABLE BEER COOLER / JUST
LIKE THE PROFESSOR TO LEAVE IT
LYING AROUND IN A CLOSET!



WONDER IF IT'S STILL WORKING!
I'LL ASK HIM.

W-WHAT DO YOU
HAVE THERE?

A BEER COOLER I FOUND IN THE CLOSET!
I WAS JUST CURIOUS ABOUT IT... WONDERING
IF IT WERE STILL ANY GOOD!



SUDDENLY THE PROFESSOR LEAPED FROM HIS CHAIR AND BACKED AWAY FROM THE OTHER SCOUTER...

KEEP THAT
THING AWAY
FROM ME!

S-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S
TICKING LOUDLY! THAT MEANS
THERE'S SOMETHING RADIO-
ACTIVE IN THIS ROOM!



IT'S YOU! YOU'RE RADIOACTIVE! BUT NO HUMAN
BEING COULD CARRY THAT MUCH
RADIOACTIVITY AND STILL BE
ALIVE! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

YOU—YOU
HAD TO KNOW!
YOU SUSPECT.



THEN I'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH,
YOU FOOL! I'M NOT REALLY THE
PROFESSOR... I MERELY LOOK
LIKE HIM! I'M PART OF THE FOG
FROM THE VALLEY OF SMOKE!

I—I DON'T
UNDERSTAND



ALL THE STRENGTH OF THE FOG
COMES FROM THE URANIUM DE-
POSIT IN THAT AREA! WE
DESTROYED THE ORIGINAL EX-
PEDITION TO KEEP THE WORLD
FROM KNOWING ABOUT THE URANIUM,
AND DESTROYING THE BASIS OF OUR
STRENGTH! WHEN YOU CAME, I
TOOK THE FORM OF THE PROFESSOR
SO I COULD GO BACK TO CIVILI-
ZATION WITH YOU... TO HAVE SOME
NO NEWS OF THE URANIUM WAS
DISCOVERED!



S-BUT
THE
SAILOR
ON THE
SHIP.

DON'T YOU SEE, MY
DEAR? WHILE I'M AWAY
FROM THE VALLEY OF
SMOKE, I CAN ONLY MAI-
TAIN MY STRENGTH BY
FEEDING ON THE LIFE-
FORCE OF HUMANS...
ABSORBING THEIR BLOOD!
I HAD TO KILL THE
SAILOR! AND, OF COURSE,
I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU!



THE HORROR FROM THE NORTH MOVED CLOSER TO THEM, THEY
KEPT A PACE OF DEATH...



NO! DON'T! DON'T
COME NEAR ME WITH
THAT FIRE!

IT WORKED, JANE.
IT WORKED!!



GRES PRESSED HIS ADVANTAGE AND MOVED CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE THREE HATCHLINGALS AS THE PROFESSOR, UNTIL

I'LL BE BACK!
DON'T WORRY...
I'LL BE BACK!

IT—IT'S SO TERRIBLE!
TO THINK THAT DAD
SHOULD BECOME
THAT—THAT
MONSTER!

BUT THAT WASN'T YOUR
DAD, JANE. YOU'VE GOT
TO UNDERSTAND! YOUR
FATHER DIED IN THE VALLEY
OF SMOKE WITH THE REST OF
THE POOR DEVILS IN HIS
EXPEDITION! THAT THING WAS
JUST AN IMITATION!

BUT NOW WE HAVE OTHER PROBLEMS! THAT
MONSTER SAID IT FEEDS ON THE LIFE-FORCE
OF HUMANS! WE'VE GOT TO CONTACT
THE POLICE... BARR THEN?

BUT GRES HAD FORGOTTEN HOW FANTASTIC HIS STORY
WOULD SEEM TO OTHERS.

BUT YOU MUST
BELIEVE ME!

SURE... SURE!
THERE'S A BIT OF
FOG WHODEN' AROUND
THE CITY... AND IT'LL
KILL PEOPLE! BETTER
NOT TAKE ANOTHER
DRINK, NISTER.

POLICE
DEPT.

WEEKS WENT BY... FRANTIC, HORRIBLE REEFS... DURING WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE WERE FOUND DEAD... THEIR
FACES THIRSTED IN TERROR... THEIR VEINS EMPTY OF BLOOD!



AND, IN JANE CUNTERS' HOME, A BOY WAS KEPT...

ARE YOU SURE YOU
STILL WANT TO SLEEP
HERE, GRES? IT
MIGHT BE ALL RIGHT
BY NOW.

I DON'T THINK SO. SOONER OR
LATER, HE'LL COME BACK HERE
TO KILL US! AS LONG AS
WE'RE ALIVE, WE PRESENT
A DANGER TO HIM!

AND THAT NIGHT... IT HAPPENED!

AHHHHH!
IT'S
JANE!



GRABBING
A FLAMING
TORCH
THAT HAD
BEEN KEPT
IN CONSTANT
READINESS,
GREG
RAGED
UP THE
STAIRS...
HIS
NERVES
TENSED
BY THE
SCREAMS
OF TERROR
THAT
BURST
AGAINST
HIS EARS...



THERE
WOULD A
MOMENT
TO SPARE.
THE
FLAMES
SPREAD
MORE
RAPIDLY
THAN
SEEMED
POSSIBLE,
AND THE
TWO SUR-
VIVORS
HAD JUST
ENOUGH
TIME TO
REACH
THE
FRONT
DOOR...



AND THEN IT WAS OVER! BUT GREG FROD A NEW CHALLENGE
HAD ONLY BEGUN...

IN SOME WAY, GREG MUST CONVINCE
THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TRUTH OF OUR STORY... AND
RETURN TO THE VALLEY OF SHORE WITH FLAME
THROWERS! THEN WE CAN DESTROY THE EVIL FOG...
AND THE UNITED STATES WILL HAVE ONE OF THE WORLD'S
LARGEST FIELDS OF URANIUM! WE MUST TRY!



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3
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Sample

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